



Published by The World Publishing Company,
50 N. 5th St., New York.

FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1935.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD

(including postage)

PER MONTH.....\$3.00

PER YEAR.....\$35.00

Vol. 85.....No. 12,246

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

BRANCH OFFICES:

WORLD CITY OFFICE—Junction of Broadway and 14th St., at 14th St.

WORLD HANSEN OFFICE—14th St. and Madison Ave.

BROOKLYN—20 Washington St.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Press Building, 705 Chestnut St.

WASHINGTON—702 14th St.

THE WORLD'S

Great

February

Record.

Average Circulation

Per Day.

565,996.

The Greatest Daily Circulation

Ever Attained by The

World or Any Other

Newspaper Printed

in the English

Language.

PLATT'S "WAR."

The opening campaign of Mr. Platt's

"war" has resulted in disaster. His

vast army having marched up to the

hill is now proceeding to march down

again. Major-General Lauterbach has

already been to the enemy's camp to

treat for peace—not with success, ap-

parently. The scheme to force the Mayor to

capitulate by cutting off his police re-

organization supply train at Albany

seems brilliant, but the Mayor very

decisively turned the Platt position by

evading a reorganization of his own,

and the Platt army instead of dictating

terms for more police patronage is

scrambling to save what it already has.

Commander-in-Chief Platt has been

long enough in politics to have known

better. A boss with all the offices at

his command can sometimes afford to

affront public sentiment and "decide

war" upon the representatives of public

opinion. But the boss without

patronage—if such a thing is possible—

by placing himself in opposition to the

accustomed agents of a popular reform

makes himself merely ridiculous.

Mr. Platt should abandon his "war"

at once and go back to his old methods

of deals and compromises with those

who boss the offices. That way lies his

surest path to victory over public

reform and political decency.

ON THE RAMPAPE

Mr. Chandler, of New Hampshire, in-

delged in one of his personal attacks on

Democrats in the Senate last night. It

would have been singular if he had let

the session close without such an exhibi-

tion.

The ex-lobbyist thinks it necessary to

the retention of his identity with the

Republican party to plunge periodically

into a partisan abuse of Democrats. He

uses such attacks in by the ears on the

most inappropriate occasions, and seems

to regard them as essential to his stand-

ing with his own party. The New Hamp-

shire politician hates to believe that the

war is over, and thinks there is abso-

lutely nothing in Republicanism but in-

crease hatred of Democracy.

Chandler's abuse was heaped on Sena-

tor Hill, Murphy, Roach and Martin for

alleged corrupt acts in connection with

elections, and for other misdeeds which

he declared unfitted them to sit in the

Senate.

It is not worth while to inquire now

into the records of the Senators assailed.

But it is absurd to see a notorious ex-

lobbyist like Chandler criticizing the

character of his associates, and it is not

surprising to find Mr. Martin, of Kansas,

exhortations kept the audience in their

seats. A little common sense on such

occasions is of immense value.

YET ITS MAN! MAN! MAN!

The women are always either poking

fun at men or holding him up to a medi-

crated scorn. When they get a chance

they never fail to show their magnificent

contempt for him as a sex. But there is

no spot on this sun-flooded planet

where two or three women, with the

power of speech or knowledge of the

finger-alphabet at their command, com-

together that it will not be safe to wage

Ormus and Irid against a rhinestone

breastpin that they are not individually,

collectively and otherwise thinking and

talking of man.

At the Woman's Council in Washing-

ton yesterday he was in the delegated

mind and mouths all day, while a num-

ber of unmarried charmers, ranging in

ages from eighteen to eighty, spoke fear-

lessly about divorce and marriage

and other things of which they, of

course, can have only a poetic or

theoretic idea. At the Professional

Woman's League meeting in this city

at the same time a Boston member

read a paper on "Man," in which she

intimated that she couldn't live long

enough to tell the miserable wretch's

facts, but thought that five minutes

would suffice for the telling of all his

virtues.

How cruelly sarcastic! But if he is

so villainously awful and horrid, why are

they always thinking and talking of him?

At Albany, Senator Lexow assures

everybody that there is "no call for

haste" about the Police Justice bill.

In New York, Commissioner Kerwin

sees "no good reason for haste" about

police reorganization. But it happens

that New York City is in a hurry about

both of these matters. Not that she

wants reckless haste to be made, but

she does want reasonable promptness

of action, which she is far from getting.

The fact never to be lost sight of, in

considering the Greater New York bill,

is that Brooklyn voted for consolidation

and did it with wide-open eyes and

without a particle of misunderstanding

as to the question her vote was to prac-

tically settle. Some gentlemen from

across the bridge who have gone to Al-

bany to oppose the Greater New York

bill do not give this fact its full value.

Mr. Lauterbach says: "Mr. Brookfield

and I always have a pleasant talk when

we meet." Then Mr. Brookfield chimes

in and says: "Mr. Lauterbach and I

had a very pleasant talk. As a matter

of fact, we always do." All of which is

too sweet for anything. And so the

harmony chariot rolls on.

"Now that the slaughter by the trolley

cars in Brooklyn has counted over

one hundred victims, the authorities are

determined, if possible, to take some

stringent measures to stop it." Then it

was really necessary that the century

mark should be passed?

Mr. Cleveland thinks the financial

question ought to be taken out of

politics and considered from a business

and patriotic standpoint only. Undoubt-

edly, but when shall we get a business-

like and patriotic Congress to con-

sider this great question?

Perhaps when the majority at Albany

has done all it wants to with the police

departments throughout the State, it

will give New York City a chance to

reform its own Police Department and

Police Courts.

Strange is the way of fate. Here is

Congressman Wilson, whose bill did so

much to popularize the bargain counter

filling the office that a great bargain

counter mogul was filling only two years

ago.

How very mad, if Mr. Choate is right

A DAILY HINT FROM McDUGALL.

It was probably accidental, but I got

one. It must have been accidental, al-

though, of course, it would be more

satisfactory were it otherwise. Still, I

got one, just as I was leaning back in

my seat at Hoyt's Theatre last night,

prepared to put on a blasé expression

that I flatter myself is very becoming.

It reached me in a moment, and I

what a difference in the morning. The

blasé expression wouldn't fit at all, list-

lessness was impossible. I sat up and

waited for another. Guess what it was

that proved so useful? But you couldn't

guess, of course, so I'll tell you my

secret, mommer, dear. Do not hate me

for it. Think of me when I am least

bad. Oh, mother, mother—Cissy—Cissy

Fitzgerald winked at me. She positively

winked. I was sitting there, not saying a

thing, when a large, sleek, ticklish wink

reached me. I gasped; then I had pal-

lation of the eyelids; then I realized

that fat, glad wink, I had pressed it in

me Shakespeare, and look at it regularly

once a week.

Candor compels me to admit that Cissy

threw a lot of winks away last night.

It must have been a hundred, hand-

some winks being distributed to every-

body not a lady. Cissy's eyelids are

quite as active as her little toes. She

was in a radiant humor, appearing as

an incident in "The Foundling," al-

though I rather think that she was the

play, and "The Foundling" the incident.

She certainly made the most of her

performance, which she made a little

ship, stating an important period as

thirty-five years, instead of twenty-five.

Was she overwhelmed with confusion?

Did she blush, and look awkward? No,

mother, dear. She giggled. She enjoyed

it. She set the stage a-laughing. So

Miller, Kont, his equivoque, his

broke up no small pieces. Mr. Hum-

phreys was amused, and the audience en-

joyed it. At another time Miss Cissy

kept the stage waiting, while E. M. Hol-

land—the only E. M. Holland—was on

it. She didn't care a hang. On she

came, late, not winking, and she

once forgave her. So much for a wink.

Learn to wink, ye actresses. A wink

covers a multitude of sins.

Miss Fitzgerald's dance (fancy me call-

ing her "miser" after that wink) is not

nearly as good as the one she did in "The

Gayety Girl." In fact, it is scarcely a

dance—merely a series of poses. The

face that popular tradition insists shall

not be displayed. That is to say, the

face was—well, not forced me to explain,

for I'm still young, mother dear. A line

on the programme last night declared

that "children under seven years of age

shall not be admitted." No, no, no, no,

more? Cissy wore a devious gown that

was most unbecoming. It cost a great

deal probably, but it was the sort of

dress that a very Western leading lady

would buy for her manager suggested

that she look luxurious. I hope that

they will resume her pretty English

simplicity, and that she will not

throw away the horrid monumental

hat with feathers that replaced the sim-

ple Puritan bonnet she wore at Daly's.

Do this, for my sake, Cissy, please. I

had heard that Cissy gave away her

hairs, but I found none. In fact, I

was surprised to find her hair so

thick. Her speech was as pleasing as

her acting. Cissy's no greenhorn, I'd

have you know.

As for "The Foundling," by W.

Leetock and E. M. Robson—well, it

was a good play, but it was good in